



FAMOUS
MONSTERS

#57
SEPT.

FAMOUS

A WARREN MAGAZINE

PG.

MONSTERS

OF FILMLAND

50c

COLLECTOR'S
EDITION:
THE ORIGINAL
FRANKENSTEIN
PICTURE
BOOK

BE TERRORIZED
BY OUR FIENDISH
NEW FEATURE-
MONSTER
HORRORSCOPE

IS YOUR
NAME
IN THE
GRAVEYARD
EXAMINER?
SEE PAGE 28

AFTER THE MOON-
HORROR
FROM SPACE!

The
Green Slime

from MGM

SEE
PAGE
20



THE WEREWOLF OF LONDON was itching to get his hands on this issue of FM so he started from scratch. If you too would like to be a howling success, be the first one on your block to memorize the contents of this issue. Great to scare your friends with!

Ackerman

Editor Ackerman, Cover Artist Gagos and King
Boris Cover from FM # 56.



This is destined to be one of the greatest announcements in FAMOUS MONSTERS' long history: no longer will FM Fans have to wait 8 weeks between issues. Starting with this issue FAMOUS MONSTERS goes MONTHLY!

Same editor, staff, thrills—same everything—except the number of issues you'll be reading each year.

Actually, it means double the fun for you. Watch FM—we're hotter than a haircracker!

FORREST ACKERMAN



THIS ISSUE dedicated to JOSE SANZ, the Miracle Man of Brazil, who masterminded a Science Fiction Film Festival in Rio de Janeiro and invited this magazine's editor together with Fritz Lang, Geo. Pal, Robt. Bloch, A. E. van Vogt, Yvette Mimieux, Roger Corman, Robt. Sheekley, Herman Polansky & many other celebrities.

Mr. Sanz is presently arranging for the publication of FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND in Brazil!

We hope, Mr. Sanz, by the time you have published the 57th issue of FAMOUS MONSTERS IN BRAZIL, we will have edited our 100th!



THE COMPLETE BLOCH

It was bad enough to lose Boris Karloff but did you have to cut Robert Bloch off in his prime? In FM #56 his Memorial to Karloff came to an abrupt end in the middle of a sentence. I know type isn't elastic but couldn't you have set up his contribution in smaller type or continued it on another page or something? PLEASE give us the complete text.

JOHN HOLLAND
Levittown, N.Y.

* The omission of the latter half of the feature was, of course, an unfortunate oversight. We reprint, following, Robert Bloch's Memorial to Boris Karloff in its entirety.

A REMEMBRANCE OF BORIS KARLOFF

The news of Boris Karloff's passing came to me as a great shock. Only a week before, Mrs. Karloff had written to assure me that he was comfortably convalescing. She relayed his request that I accept an award for him at a

forthcoming banquet where we were both to be so honored. "We often talk of the last lovely evening we spent at your house," she wrote, "and hope we shall see you here again before too long."

"Here", of course, with the Karloff's country place, where my wife and I spent a sun-dappled Sunday last July. Although it was by no means their first meeting, my wife persisted in addressing him as "Mr. Karloff" and that at ways amused him. "Please, my dear—surely you remember my name is Boris," he teased. "Ask your husband!"—this with a mock scowl in my direction—"he knows only too much about me."



Mrs. Karloff escorted my wife on a tour of their cozy English cottage and returned to exhibit a photograph to me. "You may know a lot about Boris," she said, "but here's a picture of the monster you've never seen!" I gazed upon the delicately sensitive features of a child, whose wide eyes peered wistfully out at me from a Victorian setting across a span of 75 years. We talked, as we often did when we were together, about that long lifetime, so rich in memories. And after luncheon, we retired to the terrace, basking in the afternoon's glow and listening to the muted murmur of the never-winding past the ground beyond the roadway.

"Boris"—my wife could say it now—"there's something I'd like to ask you. It's so beautiful here in the summertime, but the winters can be better. Why do you stay in England?"

"England is my home," he said. "Doesn't everyone want to come home

to die?" And he looked at her, this beautiful old gentleman looked at her—with the eyes of the small boy in the photograph. There was no sadness in his gaze, merely the warmth of a child who loved life. And there was no sadness in his words, only the wisdom of a man who did not fear death.

In his time Boris Karloff played many roles, and played them magnificently. But the one I remember is his last and greatest—the role of a gallant gentleman who came home to rest in the land he loved. Yet for those who loved him there can be only one true and final resting place for Boris Karloff—in the minds and in the hearts of all of us.

—Robert Bloch

SORRY BUT GLAD

I'm sorry Boris Karloff had to die to bring you to your senses but FM has snapped out of its sloth magnificently and shown us, with the issue dedicated to the King, that you still have the ability to turn out a first class monster magazine. I don't know which was better, the pictures or the words. The cover, of course, was superb. Welcome back, Goggs—and don't desert us again! The inside cover foto, by Daugherty, was equally excellent. They put Poe on a postage stamp, and Will Rogers—why not Boris Karloff? The Academy should be shot that they never gave him some kind of recognition. Did you see Martha Raye get an award on the Oscar Show on April 13th? But not even a posthumous mention of Boris Karloff. There ain't no justice! May the Pantheon monster hailrow the hands who were false to him. As for YOU, FM, you deserve the Silver Bolts Award for an outstanding "performance" with your Memorial issue. It was worthy of its subject.

ARTHUR ELMWICH
Houston, Tex.

WANTED! More Readers Like



DAVID SUSTARSIC

"THE CAPTAINS & THE KINGS DEPART"

In the last while we have lost many great actors & personalities, being Peter Lorre, Spencer Tracy, George Zucco, Basil Rathbone, Ernest Thesiger and Claude Rains. These people & others acted as our medium to the unique world of fantasy to which the cinema has made possible. Who is left to nourish our souls?—Christopher Lee? Vincent Price? Lon Chaney Jr.? Films are declining in value at an extremely rapid rate. We are suffering a cinema depres-

FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND

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GREEN SLIME
Monster by Vic Live!,
courtesy MGM Studio.



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sion. People such as the ones mentioned above who have tried to save the art of the film have perished. Will their successors carry on this responsibility? Times like these demand such people as Boris Karloff. Why must these beings be taken from our midst?

I ask you to present at least one issue to this great man and his achievements. Does 37 years of films (50) not deserve at least 72 pages?

EUGENE EARL
Ottawa, Ontario, Canada

The author of last issue's letter titled KARLOFF MYSTERY (SDIVED) inadvertently had his name omitted. He was MICHAEL R. FITTS of Carthage, Ind. Thanks for the info, Mike.

SAD TO SAY

Now we must say what we said to Willis O'Brien, to Peter Lorre and to all other greats of the fantastic films that have passed away, *adieu*, for we can never say *goodbye*.

STEPHEN PAKE
St. Louis, Missouri

WANTED! More Readers Like



SCOTT A. WIECK

HOW MUCH

It's difficult to lose a man who has given so unselfishly of himself to please a thrill millions of movie fans. We wanted to show our gratitude by attempting to get him a much deserved Oscar. We tried to get him immortalized in Grauman's Chinese Theater. We failed in both endeavors. Now he's gone. I only hope he realized how much he was appreciated and how much he'll be missed.

DUANE JEPSEN
Council Bluffs, Iowa

PIKE COUNTY HIGH (GA.)

This may sound childish (no) but when I learned Boris Karloff had died it seemed like a relative had passed away. As I listened to the newscast I was pleased at the praise he received, "the greatest monster actor of our times." My classmates of Pike County High who were Karloff fans asked me to write this letter in the King's memory.

MIKE ALEXANDER
Zebulon, Ga.

FINE LETTERS ABOUT BORIS KARLOFF also received from:

Larry Combs
Tom Bristol
David Taylor
Geo. Parrott
Carl Robarge
Laune Harned
Sandy Harbin
Keith White
and
Wence Torres Jr.

WANTED! More Readers Like



JERRY LEVINSON

DEATH OF A FRIEND

When I woke up this morning (3 Feb. '69) the first thing my father said to me, "A friend of yours died," to which I said, "Who?"

"Boris Karloff."

My brother was killed in a car accident a year ago Feb. 13. I feel just as mournful now as I did then. Though I had never met him I feel that part of my life has been torn severely.

DOUG REID
W. Hartford, Conn.

General Editorial Comment: So many of the letters received are obviously, from the nature of the handwriting and the expressions, from very young people—16, 12, 14 years old—that I am struck by this mass phenomenon. I have the feeling that, for most of the young writers, it may have been the first time in their life anyone of any great importance to them has died—and very likely the first time they had ever expressed themselves on paper. Psychologists may



be interested in what I will call the Karloff Syndrome: that those who deeply care about monsters are finer people than most.

And let me ask you this, any one of you who have written in praise of Boris Karloff: As we move into the Longevity World of Organ Banks and Cryonics (preservation by freezing and return to life when future science has learned how to cure your terminal illness), it may be (weird as the thought may seem to some) that, having an accident that would smash you to smithereens and destroy your brain—it may be that you will practically LIVE FOREVER! However if that shouldn't happen, and some day in the distant future, maybe when you are 105, you SHOULD die, ask yourself: "Even if I didn't do anything in life as great as Boris Karloff, wouldn't it be nice if everybody had as nice things to say about me when I passed away as they did about the King?" Think it over. Reputations have to be earned. You've a long time to work on yours—but there's no time like the PRESENT to start! If you really mean to keep Boris Karloff in your heart, do your part, as he did, to make this a better world by being kind & considerate and all the good things the King was. Someone Boris Karloff himself would have been proud to know was his fan—Forry Ackerman

CONTRIBUTIONS submitted for publication should include Name & Address on each letter & drawing. The editor would LIKE to hear from YOU and to see a FOTO of each writer (please PRINT your name on back of picture). Write to:

Fang Mail Dept.
FAMOUS MONSTERS
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New York, N.Y. 10017



GRIFF'S NEWS

***a shriek peek at
tomorrow's horrors***

the beasts of brazil

From the 4 corners of the earth, they came—well, at least three and a half—the top science fiction, fantasy, horror & monster writers & movie-makers of the world.

To Rio de Janeiro they flew from France, England, U.S.A., Spain, Uruguay:

George WAR OF THE WORLDS Pal

Roger DUNWICH Corman

Robert THE HOUSE THAT DRIPPED BLOOD Bloch

A. E. van SLAN Vogt

Frederik THE TUNNEL UNDER THE WORLD Pohl

Sam SEEKERS OF TOMORROW Moskowitz

Robert THE 10th VICTIM Sheckley

Yvette THE TIME MACHINE Mimieux

Roman ROSEMARY'S BABY Polanski

... And so many many more.

From the 24th of March thru the 30th they saw an incredible array of sci-fi films:

The 21st Century masterpiece METROPOLIS. Its 78-year-young director FRITZ LANG, there

MAKE NO MISTAKE, THERE'S A STAKE



to introduce the picture to an appreciative audience, then turn the stage over to this magazine's editor for fascinating facts about the picture.

DESTINATION MOON, introduced by its author, Robert A. Heinlein.

Arthur C. Clarke himself, busy in New York creating the script for a new multimillion dollar Cinerama documentary about the Astronauts and the road to the stars—Arthur Clarke magically appeared in the midst of the 35 or more participants to be interviewed, autograph books, speak before the showing of his **SPACE ODYSSEY: 2001** and receive the world's first Black Monolith Award.

FANTASTIC VOYAGE was seen. The great **KING KONG!** All 12 chapters of **FLASH GORDON CONQUERS THE UNIVERSE!**

And this was all free! Any fan of these films could walk in off the street and view the picture parade without paying a penny!

There was **FIVE MILLION MILES TO EARTH** . . . **INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS** . . . **THE DAMNED** . . . **THE VILLAGE OF THE DAMNED** . . . and **THE DAY THE EARTH**

STOOD STILL.

The director of **THE CREEPING UNKNOWN (THE QUATERMASS EXPERIMENT)** and **THE DAY THE EARTH CAUGHT FIRE** were there.

There were films from France and films from Poland.

This Science Fiction Festival is to be repeated next year with, you should excuse the expression, an even larger cast of characters. About 50 are expected to be invited. **FAMOUS MONSTERS** will be represented in Rio to cover the fantastic festival for its readers. By June 1970, tentative time for the next fest, it is expected that several translated issues of *FM* will already have been published in Brazil.

future fantasy film fare à la forry

You will now learn what the editor of *FM* told an audience at the Rio Festival:

\$100,000 has been paid for the film rights to

IN CHRIS LEE'S FUTURE, FOR . . .



THE ANDROMEDA STRAIN, new s.f. novel to be produced by Robert Wise of THE BODY SNATCHER fame (with Karloff & Lugosi).

Isaac Asimov's THE UGLY LITTLE BOY (he's prehistoric) has been optioned for filming.

THE TUNNEL UNDER THE WORLD by Frederik Pohl has been filmed in Italy.

THE MIND OF MR. SOAMES is to be made in England.

The radio version of WAR OF THE WORLDS that paricked the nation that Halloween night in the late 30s, had a Howard Koch prominently associated with it. The same Mr. Koch, approximately 30 years later, has been entrusted with the job of translating to the screen one of the greatest science fiction novels of all time, the amazing CHILDHOOD'S END by Arthur C. Clarke.

tons of titles

An astonishing number of new fantastic projects have been announced.

There's KYLE—an exciting detective story of the next Century.

The doom of Dr. Halvorsen in MGM's new space thriller THE GREEN SLIME.



DRACULA HAS RISEN FROM THE GRAVE!



LAST STARSHIP FROM EARTH, a first novel that Heinlein himself praised in print.

Heinlein's **PUPPET MASTERS** and **STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND**—both optioned.

THINGS TO COME—a remake of the Wells classic.

WHEN DINOSAURS RULED THE EARTH, where FM discovery Jim Danforth sallies forth into the arena of animators, showing what he can do with his own models & methods. Val (QUATERMASS) Guest is behind this one so it should be great.

We don't know *who* is behind **TROG** but it's a Kong-like creature that's coming out of England.

In addition to his **DEMOLISHED MAN** author Alfred Bester revealed in Rio that another of his

s.f. books, presumably **THE STARS MY DESTINATION**, has been optioned for filming.

Roman Polanski wasn't talking (not even in his native Polish or adopted French) about future s.f. plans but we learned anyway that he has been handed a major science fiction novel to direct for Paramount.

As we went to press Harlan Ellison had sold a TV series, **MAN WITHOUT TIME**, and felt he was on the verge of closing a deal for a second sci-fi teleseries, **ASTRA-ELLA!**

ZETA-1, fast-moving & futuristic, is promised us from England.

RAIDERS OF THE STONE RINGS may be a Big Big one.

BIGFOOT can't help but be a big one!

THE MUMMY VS. THE WERE-JACKAL sounds like a very small one but we're always open to pleasant surprises.

Watch (out) for THE BLOOD-BEAST TERROR, CURSE OF THE BLOOD GHOULS, BLOOD OF DRACULA'S CASTLE and—are you ready for this?—THE INCREDIBLE TWO-HEADED TRANSPLANT!

And they say FRANKENSTEIN MUST BE DESTROYED!

James Gunn has come to Hollywood to be nearby during the shooting on his 2-hour TV pilot for THE IMMORTAL.

Originally published in Playboy (as was MR. SABONICUS), HARPY is the latest film to be picked up from those pages, rather fantastic in themselves.

Another Playboy sale, this one to Paramount: WHAT'S TO BECOME OF YOUR CREATURE?

Jack Lemmon is slated to star in John D. MacDonald's fantastic THE GIRL, THE GOLD WATCH AND EVERYTHING.

“Every Karloff fan in the world will have to have a copy of THE FRANKENSCIENCE MONSTER by Forrest J Ackerman which Ace Pocketbooks is publishing in paperback in August.”

Donald A. Wollheim

SKULDUGGERY is going on at Universal. It's adapted from Vercoutre's "Ye Shall Know Them", about manapies.

Monkeys strike again in BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES, which should be above average.

put these tasty titles down in your little black (monolith) book

NONSTOP (interplanetary picture in production, from the pen of Brian W. Aldiss).

THE SPACE MERCHANTS, also known as GRAVY PLANET, one of the great ones, by Fred Pohl and the late Cyril Kornbluth.

TIMERUN—the title of Dennis Etchison's adaptation of Ray Bradbury's FOX AND THE FOREST.

VALLEY OF GWANGI—Ray Harryhausen's latest and (we saw it previewed) one of his greatest! Roping sequences are superior to MIGHTY JOE YOUNG. And wait'll you see that lifesize pterodactyl!!

JE T'AIME, JE T'AIME—which is French for "I LOVE YOU" and admittedly doesn't sound too encouraging—actually is a film with a time travel theme.

One by Wells from Pall

END



THE ILLUSTRATED MAN illustrates what a handy man he is in Ray Bradbury's fantasy of the future.



He might look ugly here but wait till you see him in color in CASTLE OF EVIL!



LA LOBA strikes! She's a Mexican were-woman known as The Wolf.

read all about the

INVASION OF THE VAMPIRES!

better read than undead!

It came from *Below the Border* in 1963. Watch for it on TV (terrorvision). Vern Bennett tells the story:

sign of the bat

On a stormy night a young doctor observes a girl who seems to be in a trance. Panels slide and a strange altar is revealed. In the eerie glow of candles, a skull grins menacingly. It is stamped with the letters "CF". A black bat decorates the wall above.

A man appears outside the window and the girl screams and faints. The doctor jumps thru the window and chases after the stranger. Unable to catch the night prowler, the doctor returns to the house. A female servant enters just as he reaches the spot where the girl had fainted. The doctor asks where the girl is but the servant refuses to tell and warns him to leave.

The doctor, also an expert on the occult, is suspicious and goes with some assistants to the cemetery. They open the coffin of the Countess Frankenhausem and are struck by the fact that she is so life-like. As she has been dead for some time, the doctor's suspicions are confirmed: *she and several*



The Mexican Bela Lugosi, Abel Salazar, in
THE VAMPIRE. (Note: Abel is Bela spelled
sideways.)



THE BLOODY VAMPIRE from South of the Border puts one of his boorders back to sleep after breakfast in bed. (Liquid diet.)

others that recently died are the victims of a vampire!

Closer examination reveals sinister twin punctures. The doctor is sure that the fiend is the woman's husband, Count Frankenhause. Above the crypt, a man stands guard. His torch cuts the darkness and provides protection.

In the darkest shadows, a tall man dressed in black watches intently. When the torch falls, an inhuman hiss escapes the lips of the stranger. He is a vampire!

In the crypt below, the men hear a loud scream. Rushing up from the crypt, they find the body of the guard lying among the tombstones. A huge bat flies from the scene, glutted with fresh blood.

the spell of the vampire

"All the bodies from the recent deaths must be burned," decides the doctor. Accordingly, a huge fire is built and large licking flames light up the clearing. One of the helpers chooses to be first. He carries the body of his own son. He will make the

sacrifice to try to restore the soul of his child.

Some distance away the vampire, Count Frankenhause, watches helplessly as the coffins are brought to be burned. He hisses at the trio of men as they prepare to destroy his army of undead.

Just before the first living corpse is placed in the flames, the village priest arrives. He forbids the cremation. Even tho they feel their motives are sound, the villagers obey their priest. The bodies are returned to the crypts below.

Later that night, the vampire visits the room of the girl who had fainted. He gazes at her, then commands her to rise. She obeys the undead master.

She walks thru the mist, thru dark and shadowy arches. She is lightly clad but does not feel the chill of the night. The young doctor watches her as she passes. He follows her thru the forest. Freezing clouds of mist swirl around her, broken and jagged branches jut out to bar her way, yet she is unerring in her path.

At the edge of the lake she steps into the icy water. Even the shock of the wet cold against her



There's no mistaking where this vampire lies in **THE VAMPIRE'S COFFIN**.

hate skin cannot break the spell of the vampire.

league of the undead

As the doctor rushes to save the girl, the vampire snarls and changes into a huge bat. He attacks the doctor but is driven off.

The doctor rescues the girl and takes her home. He learns that she is the daughter of Count Frankenhause. The doctor, who at first thought the girl dying from a heart attack, now thinks her under very deep hypnosis. He is sure someone is trying to make the girl kill herself, and the grandfather asks him to stay on and watch over her.

Later, the grandfather & the woman servant argue about the doctor. The servant wants him to leave and believes he won't be successful anyway. When the grandfather questions her about what she means, the woman conceals a piece of paper in her hand. He tries to take it from her hut, fighting like a woman possessed, she manages to keep it.

Outside the girl's room, the vampire watches her

with wild, hestial eyes.

When the doctor is in his room, he goes thru his papers and discovers one missing. While searching, the woman servant brings him some wine. She explains her earlier denial of the girl's existence was because the girl was a sleepwalker and the grandfather didn't want anyone to know of it.

The next morning, the doctor tells the grandfather what the servant had said and he is furious. He denies that the girl is a sleepwalker and explains more about the family history. "Count Frankenhause has some strange blood disease. I know the Count has been responsible for several recent deaths. But I have aided him by remaining silent out of concern for my granddaughter. I don't want her to know what her father is."

The doctor tells the grandfather that the Count is not only a vampire but the curse of vampirism is spread to each of the victims. "The vampire can command his victims to rise and attack others, the living whose veins hold the liquid life." And his granddaughter, already under the vampire's influence, may soon join his league of undead.



Stop, thief! **THE BODY SNATCHER** strikes again!



THE BLOODY VAMPIRE gives unholy orders to woman servant.

into the crypt

The doctor has some hope, tho, he might be able to use a chemical to cure the vampirism. Because someone stole the formula, he will have to return to the city to prepare it. The grandfather offers him the use of the lab owned by Count Frankenhause. The doctor thinks he can remember the formula and decides to stay and work at the house.

A cock crows and the girl's condition suddenly improves. When the girl awakens, she is told that she has been ill and that the doctor will care for her. He advises to go out into the sun, ride horses and get some exercise.

The servant has passed the formula on to the vampire and it now becomes a deadly game to see who will succeed. *Life or undeath?*

The doctor locates a spot where the special black-flowered Mandragora plants grow. From these he hopes to extract the soul-saving formula. He has two helpers gather stakes. "But sometimes a stake is not effective, that is why I must use the Mandragora's acid as well." The doctor knows that if the vampire is simply impaled with a stake, his victims will rise and run rampant. The vampire must be returned to a normal state if the curse is to be ended.

Besides his hopes for the Mandragora's acid, the doctor has another, more practical plan. He and his assistants go to the cemetery and enter the crypt of Countess Frankenhause. A stake is pounded thru her heart and a horrible shriek pierces the crypt-silence. The night will be a long one before the last shaft is driven and the last agonized scream escapes undead lips. The doctor hopes the stakes will be enough to hold the vampire's victims fast until he can make the acid.

the lady of the lake

The next morning, the doctor & the girl go out to a nearby lake. The wind rises, and as it murmurs softly, the girl thinks she hears her mother's voice calling her into the lake. The girl quickly responds, starting to walk toward the water. The doctor restrains her, saying, "I hear nothing." Because she didn't see the body, the girl thinks her mother might still be alive. The doctor assures her, "I've seen your mother. . . 's grave. She is dead."

Later, they find and pick a large supply of Mandragoras. The girl casually fingers a crucifix the doctor just gave her. She is curious about the strange plants and the doctor's insistence that she never be without the cross, but is used to things being kept from her.

That night, while the girl is sleeping, Count Frankenhause glares in at his daughter. He enters the room and goes over to her bed. But when he sees the cross, the vampire shields his eyes and flees in horror.

the undead rise

The next morning it is discovered that both the girl's crucifix and the Mandragoras are missing. Sometime later, the female servant passes thru a secret panel and is discovered. She and the doctor struggle and the noise brings the girl. The servant screams, "I still serve Count Frankenhause!" The girl wants to know what she means but the doctor slaps the servant to silence her. The grandfather enters and decides the servant must be locked up.

Later that night, while a storm rages, the doctor mixes a huge cauldron of fresh Mandragoras. A big hat flies outside the window. The doctor becomes nervous and turns around. The vampire suddenly materializes before him. Then the vampire changes into a bat and attacks the doctor. Time & again the bat swoops over the doctor, trying to sink its fangs into his neck. The doctor's face is torn & bleeding but he fights desperately against the vampire bat. Finally the doctor grabs a spear and throws it. The shaft pins the bat against the wall.

At the very same second, the coffin covers are ripped away by some evil force and the undead rise! The forces of hell have been loosed! The vampires, each bearing large stakes thru their hearts, approach the town in darkness.

At the edge of the town, two drunken men stagger down the streets. Another man, one of the helpers at the cemetery, has seen the walking undead and shouts the alarm. One of the drunks runs off to pass the warning but the other stays. He



Soon there'll be another body in THE VAMPIRE'S COFFIN.



Carry On, Vampire! (Note punctures in victim's neck.)



What goes on in the tomb of THE VAMPIRE? The spider knows!

doesn't believe in vampires.

Back at the house of Frankenhause, bells are heard. At first it is believed a fire has broken out but the doctor is sure it means something else—the invasion of the vampires! There is a knock at the door and the two men who helped drive stakes into the vampires burst in. "The streets are filled with the walking undead!" they cry.

With so much happening, the girl can no longer be spared. She is told about the vampire curse that haunts her family.

a matter of life and—undearth

Later, Mandragoras are placed around the house to ward off the vampires. But they surround the house anyway. Outside, they moan in low, pitiful voices. The girls hear her mother's voice but the doctor prevents her from leaving. One of the assistants sees his son but the doctor also forces him to stay.

The doctor says that the girl's father is dead in the house. They go down into the lair and see the

bat, still pinned fast to the wall. The girl faints.

With the aid of torches, the doctor & his assistants go into the town. They see the corpse of the drunken man who refused to get off the street. The citizens flee to their homes to hid from the fiends.

Returning to the lair, the doctor works feverishly on the chemical. Outside, some of the vampires still moan and plead for the living to join them. Finally it is too much for the servant. She runs outside. There is a scream, and the hideous fiends fall upon her body.

When the doctor creates what he hopes will be the right chemical, he injects it into the vampire bat. All eyes are on the evil bloodsucking thing. The acid slowly spreads thru the leathery creature. Then—it turns back into a man. The curse is finally over!

Some time later, their souls restored, the Count & Countess Frankenhause are returned to their graves. Never more to roam?

END

FAMOUS MONSTERS 1970 FEAR BOOK



Wait'll you see
what I've concocted
this time! I'll
drive you MAD—at
100 smiles per hour!

Get ready, get set... GO GET THE FABULOUS 1970 YEARBOOK OF FAMOUS MONSTERS! Bigger, better, gracier... ghastlier than ever. Just coming off the giant monster presses. 84 PAGES, and horror-packed with page after page of KARLOFF, LUGOSI, CHANEY, LEE, AND ALL your old favorites from the Monster Screen! HERE, in a huge, scare-packed 84 pages, are hundreds of exclusive FAMOUS MONSTERS photos, stories, articles and background items. A RARE COLLECTOR'S YEARBOOK, sure to increase in value and interest year after year.

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THE WOLF MAN,
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A slimy devil strikes!

IT'S HERE! IT'S HERE! A NEW MGM MOVIE...

The Green Slime

radioactive rampage

Keeep your radio active and you will be among the first to receive the warning that **THE GREEN SLIME**—like Hitchcock's horror **The BIRDS** of yesteryear—*are coming!*

project: blow up

A desperate solution is proposed.

A far-out chance.

The fatal collision may be avoided if the dangerous asteroid is intercepted in space and destroyed. This might be accomplished from the special vantage point of Gamma III.



Lisa Benson (Luciana Paluzzi) nurses an injured spaceman aboard the Space Station Gamma III. Then pandemonium breaks loose as a Green Slime creature appears!



Space Station Commander Vince Elliot faces menace in space.

Gamma III: an artificial, man-made space station.

Gen. Thompson (Bud Widom) selects Jack Rankin (Bob Horton) to be the Man. "I realize," he admits, "there is a certain amount of friction between you and Commander Elliot (Vince Elliot; Richard Jaeckel)—but I have to take a chance because, frankly, I feel you are the best qualified man for this vital undertaking."

The original friendship between Jack & Vince has come to an unfortunate end because Lisa Benson (Luciana Paluzzi), a lady doctor stationed on Gamma III, has switched her affections from Rankin to Elliott.

Rankin and a handpicked group of assistants are rocketed from Earthbase to space station Gamma III and from the artificial satellite are launched toward the Earthbound asteroid.

With them to the asteroid, "asteroidnauts" take a perilous amount of super-explosives. They live with constant danger, acutely conscious that a detonation would destroy their ship and their lives.

The asteroid is reached.

While the explosives are being set—the destructive forces that, hopefully, will blow the asteroid to cosmic dust—crew member Dr. Halvorsen (Ted Gunther) leaves the main group to go exploring on the asteroid.



Dr. Halvorsen (Ted Gunther) flees screaming for his life from tentacles of terrifying creatures.

halvorsen's horror

The explorer comes upon a marshy swamp in which dwells a gruesome green slimy substance which seems to have the characteristics of life.

A living gelatinous blob!

Unknown to him, some of the sinister substance sticks to his clothing. When Halvorsen rejoins his co-workers, he carries with him some patches of the repulsive life-like gelatin.

As the pre-act time of the explosion draws near, Rankin and his spacemen work feverishly to effect their blastoff from the tiny world before it is reduced to grains of interplanetary debris. They quit the asteroid with only moments to spare before the momentous & monumental explosion that shatters it to space smithereens.

THE GREEN SLIME and your city have a date with destiny!

These hideous things from out of space are on their way to take over your town!

If you've got blood—

They'll take it!

If you've got courage—

They'll drain it!

If you've got brains—

You'll beat it . . . to your nearest hardtop or drive-in . . . to discover how you can overcome the

menace of THE GREEN SLIME.
Or can you?

If you're not afraid of anything in this world . . . or the next . . . MGM warns you to *beware . . .* as you come face to face with the mind-croddling creatures from the deeps of space that turn the very heavens into a havenless pit of Hell . . . in MGM's shocker of shockers—

THE GREEN SLIME.

unstoppable

They're incredible . . .

Indestructible . . .

Invaders from Beyond the Stars!

Monsters beyond belief.

Horror without relief.

One-eyed . . . Cyclopean . . . slithering beasts born millions of miles from Earth.

Vandals of the void!

For a cosmic adventure beyond your wildest dreams . . .

Your eeriest nightmares . . .

Your most frightful fantasies—

For a trip into terror . . .

A trip into horror . . .

A trip into space that will cause the weak to hide their face and the strong to sit on the edge of their



Aid for an astronaut who has been mauled by one of the mansters from the runaway asteroid.



Feasts with a "million" eyes terrorize the members of Space Station Gamma III.

seats, it's—

THE GREEN SLIME.

Green.

Ghastly.

And gruesome!

Slithering nearer & nearer with every breath you take!

Breathe deep—it may be your last!

This picture has been rated M-G-M:

Mighty!

Ghoulish!

Monsterrific!

slime marches on

Here is a Preview of this ghastly space epic.

Patien your gravity belts . . . no smoking in the Milky Way . . . and awaaaay we go into the wild star-studded black yonder.

Passie!

Asteroid out of orbit and wildly veering! The United Nations Space Authority is in a state of chaos for they have been informed by the top astronomers that—

The asteroid is heading for a fatal collision with—

EARTH!

Our own Earth, which has withstood earthquakes, floods, volcanic eruptions and even the unleashed power of the atom in titanic nuclear bombs.

Earth—DOOMED!

Mankind—*facing utter annihilation!*

An interplanetary bomb from the solar system bound on a collision course for the home of 3 billion people.

dread discovery

The return to Gamma III is successfully effected. Safe once more on the space station, the astronauts put their uniforms in a decontamination chamber to be thoroughly cleansed & sterilized.

Halvorsen makes a startling discovery: the gruesome substance which had attached itself to his uniform has become activated and has metamorphosed itself into a frightful monster.

A beast with a "million" eyes, perhaps the monster in the past it most nearly resembles is the creature in **NIGHT OF THE BLOOD BEAST**—with the addition of trillion-like tentacles.

Poor Halvorsen.

He's dead.

The Thing from Another Asteroid just killed him.

Attracted by the noise of the death duel, Rankin, Elliot and others rush to the scene.

They are confronted by this mysterious creature, this horror from the asteroid.

"Shoot!"

Thank!

Bullets squish into the awful warty beast with its turkey-like wattles.

Success! For small drops of blood ooze out from its tough hide as the metallic slugs penetrate its fleshy armor.

Disaster! For each globule of blood is like a clone, a total twin of the body from which it came, and soon there is a rapidly evolving monster for each bullet hole!

"the blood is the life!"

Dracula himself might have made the observation: the blood is the life. The more these creatures are shot, the more, amoeba-like, they multiply!

Several more of the spacemen are injured by the murderous monsters. Rankin decides:

"The only thing we can do is seal these things off in a section of Gamma III. The space station will have to be destroyed. It is the only way to annihilate this contagion of creatures."

When the crew of Gamma III emerges on the exterior of the space station preparatory to taking off for Earth they find themselves facing another unexpected group of the Multiplying Monsters who have got there ahead of them.

In the spine-tingling climax—

* * *

Hi-lites of the Film:

THE DISCOVERY ON AN ASTEROID OF A GRUESOME GREEN SLIME WHICH BLOWS ITSELF UP INTO A FRIGHTFUL MONSTER WITH SERPENT-LIKE APPENDAGES!



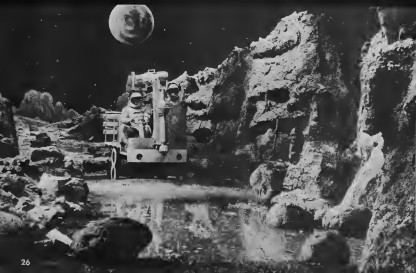
Astronauts relax at a party of the future.

Bullets can't stop the beastly things! They only multiply!





Above, Astronauts fight off inhuman creatures from the void which have invaded Gamma III; while, below, spacemen explore dangerous asteroid.





They've mined the asteroid with super-powerful explosives and are fleeing before it becomes star-dust!



Battle in space! Earthman vs Asteroid creatures!

THE FRIGHTENING DILEMMA OF THE SPACEMEN: THE MORE MONSTERS THEY KILL, THE MORE EVOLVE FROM THE DROPS OF BLOOD FROM THE CORPSES!

THE TERRIBLE BATTLE BETWEEN SPACEMEN AND GREEN SLIMY CREATURES IMPERVIOUS TO WALLS & LOCKS!

"THE MOST ASTONISHING & HAIR-RAISING SCIENCE FICTION THRILLER EVER BROUGHT TO THE SCREEN!"

* * *

THE GREEN SLIME would appear to be what might be termed a SPACE ODDITY of 2002.

* * *

Coming from MGM: BUCK ROGERS IN THE 25th CENTURY . . . LOGAN'S RUN (in the 21st Century) . . . A CANTICLE FOR LEIBOWITZ . . . MORE THAN HUMAN . . . and THE LAST REVOLUTION.

END



The rivalry between astronauts Rankin & Elliot breaks out in a fist fight.



DEAD-LETTER EDITION

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE FAMOUS MONSTERS CLUB

MONSTER-CON HELD IN NEW YORK



A MEETING OF THE MONSTERMINDS OF FAMOUS MONSTERS. JAMES WARREN (LEFT) DISCUSSES THE MAGAZINE BUSINESS WITH A FRIEND — WHILE ANOTHER FRIEND LOOKS ON.

Where were you on April 5th, 1969? If you were Ron Bost, or Jim Worski, or Elyse Pines, or Scott Macqueen, or Allen Asherman, you were spending the afternoon at the apartment of Mark Frank, editor and publisher of the fanzine *Photon*. The whole afternoon was spent exchanging information, viewing films, studying stills and talking a great deal with the Ackermonger himself! Yes, that's right, Forry was in New York City at the time, attending the Luna Con, so he was the guest of honor at our get-together of fans from all over the metropolitan area.

All in all it was a thoroughly enjoyable Saturday afternoon, even though we had our troubles finding our way to Mark's apartment, thanks to Ron Bost who led us on a merry chase through four

floors of his apartment house after coincidentally meeting me and Forry in the subway.

As for the publication of Mark's, *Photon*, I read it over completely and have only the highest praise for it. It is an informative, well compiled piece of literature which I heartily recommend to all of the readers of *Famous Monsters*. Single copies are available for 60¢ from:

Mark Frank
801 Ave. "C", Brooklyn
New York 11218

I especially recommend issue No. 17 which has the Karloff Memorial in it, with a special tribute in it by FJA.

I would now like to take this opportunity to publicly acknowledge the three mistakes in my first *Graveyard Examiner*. 1.) Memoriam ends with an AM, not a UM, as I put in big black letters. 2.) Although all of us would

have liked Boris Karloff to live on much longer, I am the only one who actually let him "live" an extra day. He died on Feb. 2, 1969 not on Feb. 3, 1969 as I put. 3.) In the ASK GREG column, I answered that Bela Lugosi played Count Dracula

in the classic *Mark of the Vampire*. This is wrong. He played Count Moca, not Count Dracula although both were vampires. THERE!!! I've confessed. Maybe now Jim Warren & Forry Ackerman will get off my back, although I sincerely doubt it!



"Nice...pussy cat."

ASK GREG



GREG BAZAZ

for information on becoming a member.

ANSI—Count Dracula Society
Donald Read, Pres.
334 W. 54 St.
Los Angeles, Cal. 90037

2. Do you know if the new book, "The Sci-Fi Worlds of FJA" is a paperback of a hard-bound book, and how much does it cost?

David Sustaric
ANSI—It's a \$6c paperback, you can order it from:

1. Could you please provide me with the complete address of the Count Dracula Society. I would like to write

Captain Company
P.O. Box 5587
Grand Central Station
N.Y.C., N.Y. 10017

3. I wish you would start printing **Haunt Ads** in **FAMOUS MONSTERS** again. Why don't you? Tony Slad

ANS:—We might re-introduce them again in a future issue, as we did with the **GRAVEYARD EXAMINER**.

4. Do you think that you could devote a special **Collectors Issue** to Boris Karloff, who recently died? He deserves all the recognition possible.

ANS: — **FAMOUS MONSTERS** Issues #56 & #57 should be just right for you, Tony.

HARRYHAUSEN'S NEWEST TO BE CALLED THE VALLEY OF GWANGI

NEWS: Ray Harryhausen's new one, which has been referred to up to now as **THE VALLEY - WHERE TIME STOOD STILL**, will be released as **VALLEY OF GWANGI** in Hollywood from London. Harryhausen invited the magazine's editor, Geo. Pal, the stars of the picture (Richard Carlson & Gina Lollobrigida) and one or two other select individuals from the film industry to a private preview at Warner Bros. After one especially well-attended scene, Richard Carlson involuntarily cried out, "Amazing! You're

a genius, Mr. Harryhausen!"

FINAL FLASH:—Roger Corman, AIP's one-time quickie director, has exhausted almost the entire output of Edgar Allan Poe (*House of Usher*, *Pit and the Pendulum*) but Roger's not one to be deterred. He's discovered H.P. Lovecraft's modern Gothic horror tales, starting with *Dunwich*. The movie, starring Peter Fonda, is shooting in Ft. Ord, Calif., in an abandoned farmhouse which, as local legend would have it, is haunted.

AMATEUR FAN MONSTROSITIES

1. **GORE CREATURES:** 15th great issue has over 40 pages for 30¢. Order from Gary J. Swedia, 5906 Karon Ave., Baltimore, Maryland 21206.

2. **BLACK ORACLE** is a new one to try, over 30 pages of sci-fi & horror film & fiction coverage. A quarter from Charbe Ellis, 4221 White Avenue, Baltimore, Maryland 21206.

3. Don't miss the article by Robert Bloch on **JOURNEY INTO THE UNKNOWN** in **SEABOHEM** No. 2, 60 pages for 40¢ from Frank Lunney, 212 Juniper Street, Quakertown, Pa.

4. 75 pages for 35¢ is what you get in **MONSTROSITIES** No. 2 from Doug Smith, 302 Murray La., Richardson, Tex. 75080.

5. **THE JAPANESE FANTASY FILM JOURNAL** covers a Japanese monster film every issue. Most recent issue: **GODZILLA**. Quarter a copy from Greg Shoemaker, 2345 Georgetown, Toledo, Ohio 43613.

6. **MYSTIFICATION ANNUAL**, 50¢ from Jeff Brown, 210 E. Greenwich Avenue, Roosevelt, NY 11575. Or try one of the regular issues for 40¢.

7. **XENON**, A 50 **FANZINE** from David Holding, Box 892, North Miami, Florida 33161; Send 50¢ each for issues 2 & 3 with the 2-part Ackemonster feature.

For all you fans who publish an amateur fanzine and would like it advertised in the *Graveyard Examiner*, send it to;

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EXAMINER**

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MONSTER LAUGHS

1.) What do you call a monster with huge arms and pointed teeth who is 12 feet tall?

SIR.

2.) How tall is the average monster?

**WHO CAN GET CLOSE
ENOUGH TO MEASURE**

3.) How do you raise a baby monster?

**USING A HYDRAULIC
LIFT.**



4.) What do you call a man who lures women to his place and turns them into ghostly freaks?

A HAIRDRESSER.

5.) What did Tarzan say when he saw the monsters coming over the hill?

**"BOY, AM I IN THE
WRONG BOOK!"**



6.) Why did King Kong climb to the top of the Vampires State Building?

TO CATCH A PLANE.

7.) Why did Dracula leave Philadelphia in such a hurry?

**BECAUSE IT WAS A ONE
HEARSE TOWN.**

8.) Who won the **MONSTER
BEAUTY CONTEST?**

NOBODY.

9.) What has a black cape, flies through the night and bites people?

**A MOSQUITO WITH A
BLACK CAPE.**

10.) What's the difference between a monster and a **PLAY-BOY** bunny?

**IF YOU DON'T KNOW
THAT, FORGET ABOUT
BLIND DATES!**



11.) What's the difference between a monster and a teenager?

ALMOST NOTHING.

12.) Where do vampires get their mail?

**AT THE DEAD LETTER
OFFICE.**

13. Do monsters really do all the terrible things you see in the movies?

**NO, QUITE OFTEN THEY
USE A STUNTMAN.**

14.) When does the **INVISIBLE MAN** usually disappear?

**WHEN THE WAITER AR-
RIVES WITH THE CHECK.**

15.) What's the best way to talk to a monster?

LONG DISTANCE.



GEMINI

THE

TWINS

May 21
to
June 21

The Fabulous Concoction of Henry Jekyll... Grab half a skull to mix this batch of cosmic monster mesh and here we go... Throw Mercury, the chameleon planet, into a base of madness and watch the brew change.

The concoction is now Mercurial.

Next we add deer shin bones, while the two planets cross each others paths. During that period they will interact on each other, setting up energy patterns. Saturn is the planet of the undertaker. It is usually represented by Father Time with hour glass and scythe. He stands for caution. Uranus is also the planet of explosive change.

At the very beginning of the sign is the planet Venus, the planet of love. Perhaps that is the beginning of the confusion that causes the characteristic split in Gemini, and gives substance and strength to our brew.

See how it shivers!
As the mysterious bubbles begin to rise and we inhale the hateful fumes, there is a vision of Robert Louis Stevenson inspired under the Nacromantic moonbeams of this third house of the Zodiac.

We call in the Demon Asetroth, the patron of Gemini and also a V.I.P. down in Hades.

Our potion is complete; drink it if you dare!

Country and Cities are also under Zodiacal signs, and the United States is under Gemini.

Gemini stands for mental energy and nervous energy.

The Metal of Gemini is Quicksilver (mercury).

The day of the week ascribed to Gemini is Wednesday. Gemini's split energy is actually that of two people; the sign is symbolized by The Twins and written in astrological shorthand as—II.



Down in some dark abbey, in a greasy mess on the floor, the dark atmosphere is disturbed by something weird, feeding on something weirder...

MONSTER HORROR SCOPE

Cancer The CRAB

June 21 to July 21

The Ghoul

In the darkest hours, in places of the dead, roams this evil menace. Possessing the zodiacal traits of Cancer, the Crab, the ghoul is by nature shy. If he attacks a living being, it is always from behind.

The Ghoul is a frequent haunter of Arabian tales of madness. Ghouls can be very beautiful women, or handsome men. They frequently marry unsuspect-

ing mortals, and live seemingly normal lives with them. They may be recognized by the fact that they eat meals which are never.



They are strongest on Monday, the day ascribed to the moon. Cancer is the only moon sign of the zodiac. Most planets are

repeated in another sign, the sun and the moon being the exceptions.



1963 YEARBOOK



1964 YEARBOOK



1965 YEARBOOK



1966 YEARBOOK



1967 YEARBOOK



1968 YEARBOOK



#28 CHANEY UNMASKED



#31 SPECIAL CONTEST ISSUE



#32 CONTEST WINNERS



#33 THE MINCHBACK



#34 Jekyll & Hyde



#35 DRACULA



#36 MAKE-UP CONTEST



#37 30 MILLION HIRE



#38 CURSE OF THE DEMON



#39 NEW FRANKENSTEIN



#40 ANNIVERSARY ISSUE



#41 WEREWOLF OF LONDON



#42 FRANKENSTEIN WOLFMAN



#43 HOUSE OF DRACULA



#44 DR. WID



#45 DR. BLOOD'S COFFIN



#46 VAMPIRE OF THE OPERA



#47 JAMES BOND



#48 GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN

LIKE INVESTING IN A GHOULMINE!



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ISSUES of
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MONSTERS
for YOUR
PRIVATE
COLLECTION!**

The money you invest today may be worth the price of a triple horror bill a year from now!

Goodness knows how many yen they're already offering in Hong Kong for the KING KONG issue.

Badness knows how the value of the MUMMY issue has pyramided in Egypt.

Black E. Lagune of Draku Lake, Transylvania, writes: "The LUGOSI MEMORIAL EDITION is being avidly sought after by collectors here at prices up to ten and a half ghoulers."

Peter Pickle of Ollisville, Calif. states: "I'd gladly pay three hundred dillers for the FIRST ISSUE!"

Is your FAMOUS MONSTERS collection complete? Buy now, trade later with fellow fans for issues you're missing. Better get yours NOW—while short supply lasts!



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#52 BARNABAS

#53 HAMMER'S HORRORS

#54 CHRISTOPHER LEE

MONSTER MAKE-UP BOOK



#55 DRACULA 2000

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THE UNDYING MONSTER

FRANKEN

Part 2 of the Exciting Filmbook Based on the Classic Picture
that made **BORIS KARLOFF** a Household Word

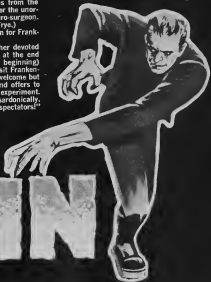
WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

Henry Frankenstein, doctor of the dead, and his hunchbacked assistant, Fritz, take bodies from the graves, the gallows, "anywhere", to further the unorthodox experiments of the Gothic neuro-surgeon. (Frankenstein: Colin Clive; Fritz: Dwight Frye.)

Fritz accidentally steals a criminal brain for Frankenstein's "body waiting to live."

Frankenstein's fiancée (Mae Clarke), her devoted admirer (the late John Boles, who died at the end of the month of February, Karloff at the beginning) and Dr. Waldeman (Edward Van Sloan) visit Frankenstein in his laboratory and at first are unwelcome but finally the "mad doctor" lets them in and offers to allow them to witness his culminating experiment. "Quite a good scene, isn't it?" he asks sardonically. "One man . . . crazy, three very sane spectators!"

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY:



STEIN



"These hands, Dr. Waldman—these hands have created life!"

Chapter 9 CAULDRON OF CREATION

The storm outside is mounting swiftly toward its peak. Henry & Fritz uncover the body, revealing a massive form tightly clad in swatches of gauze and strapped to the table by several metal shackles. Then the dwarfed Fritz resumes his position on the tower, while Henry mans the instrument panels. The thunder rolls & panels and the lightning glows thru the skylight, illuminating Henry's face. Waldman, Elizabeth & Victor look on as the infinity of dials, lights & devices leap to life, clicking whirling buzzing blinking flashing & humming—creating a miniature chaos within the laboratory. The lightning crackles thru the black-shrouded heavens and as it forks across the sky like an adder's tongue, Henry knives a switch and turns another dial. The egg-shaped sphere over the table begins to flash and sparks of electrical flame leap to & fro within it. Slowly, with extreme caution, the operating table platform is levitated toward the ceiling by the chains suspending it. It ascends to the skylight of the tower, where Fritz adjusts it into place, easing it into position on the

ramparts. Beneath the fleeting, swiftly disappearing streaks of white fire, the unique corpse lies, waiting to be granted the kiss of life by one of the abundant tongues of electricity.

Waldman blinks from the chaos of the elements. Victor & Elizabeth huddle together for safety. The thunder roars, echoing thru the dismal clouds. Henry grins demonically and Fritz cackles satanically.

Fateful moments pass as everyone waits breathlessly, and at long last the platform is lowered again to the floor of the laboratory. Henry deactivates the instruments. As the noise fades and stark, long loud silence takes possession, Henry & his "guests" rush forward to the bandaged being. Another moment of breathless silence ensues before Henry sees that success is assured—

One of the sepulchral thread-stitched hands—hanging over the side of the table—moves feebly, clutching the empty air. The arm rises after it.

Henry is elated. A single motion has hurled him into the ecstasy that only gods can experience. *His creation is alive!* The mortal hands of Dr. Henry Frankenstein have accomplished that which hitherto only God had done . . . brought life to a corpse!

"Look!—it's moving!" Henry screams, peering at the quivering hand closely, rising higher with its every motion. "It's alive! It's moving! It's alive!" He now shouts the news to Fritz—even beyond Fritz, to Heaven itself, as if in defiance of the Almighty. "Oh, it's alive! It's alive!" With each utterance of the astounding facts, Henry becomes more & more hysterical and begins to gain an insane gleam in his glassy eyes. Victor & the others hurry to his side, as he screams again:

"IT'S ALIVE!" And then utters the later censored "blasphemy" (in 1931): "In the name of God, now I know what it feels like to be God!"

Chapter 10 FRANKENSTEIN'S FATHER FROWNS

Baron Frankenstein (*Frederick Kerr*)—Henry's aging father—paces the floor nervously in his abode. Victor & Elizabeth sit, calming him & his doubts about his son's absence.

"Henry is well," Victor assures him, "but he's very busy. He said he'd get in touch with you soon."

"Don't worry about him, Baron. He'll be home in a few days," Elizabeth adds.

"You two have it all arranged, haven't ye?" the Baron jeers, still traversing the rugs in his ancestral domain. "You think I'm an idiot, don't you? But I'm not! Anyone can see with half an eye there's something wrong and I've two eyes—and pretty good ones at that! Well, what is it?"

Victor tries to convince him (unsuccessfully) that all is well altho he himself knows that in reality it is not. "You're quite mistaken, Baron."

"What's the matter with my son?" the Baron demands, shaking his cane at the two. "What's he doing?"

"He's completing his experiments, that's all," volunteers Elizabeth.

"Why does he go messing about a ruined old windmill when he has a decent house, a bath, good food & drink & a darn pretty girl to come back to?" He snorts. "Will you tell me that?"

Elizabeth says, "Baron, you don't understand."

The Baron retorts with a snort: "And how do you know, hmm?"

Just then the aging Baron's servant enters the room, interrupting the conversation to announce a visitor.

"If you please, Herr Baron," she says. "The Burgomeister—"

He snaps, "Well—tell him to go away!"

"But he says it's important..."

Unknown to the Baron the beefy, white-headed Vogel (*Lionel Beale*)—serving his duty as the village Burgomeister—stands in the doorway, listening to the blunt exchange.

The Baron, his back to Vogel, grunts: "Nothing the Burgomeister can say can be of the slightest importance."

Smiling somewhat wryly at the old man's haughtiness, Vogel steps into the room as if nothing had been overheard. He bows, the fuzzy tuft of hair above his temples making him look like an absentminded professor.

"Good day," Vogel says, "Herr Baron—Fraulein."

The Baron turns to face him. "Well, what do you want? If it's trouble, go away. I've trouble



Fritz the tormenter.





The flower child meets Frankenstein.



The lurker in the woods.

enough."

"Oh, there's no trouble, Sir," he replies.

"What do you mean, 'no trouble'?" he snarls.

"There's nothing but trouble!"

"Well—what I really want to know is, when will the wedding be, if you please?"

The Baron is barking again. "Unless Henry comes to his senses, there'll be no wedding at all!"

"But Herr Baron, the village is already prepared . . .!"

"Well, tell them to un-prepare!"

Finding that everything else has failed, Vogel tries to persuade the old man with flattery. "Oh, but such a lovely bride, such a fine young man—the very image of his father . . ."

"Heaven forbid."

"But, Sir, everything is ready!"

"I know that! Don't keep on saying so, you idiot!"

Elizabeth is apparently about to burst into tears and the distraught Baron tries to calm her. "Now, now, now!—There's nothing to cry about!"

Finally Vogel resigns himself to defeat. "Good day, Fraulein."

"Good day, Herr Vogel!" the Baron snaps.

He nods stiffly to the Baron and says, "Good day, Herr Baron!"

Angry but helpless, Vogel storms out. The Baron, relieved, mutters inaudible curses on the departed Burgomeister.



SCOOP! Never before seen scene of the death of Fritz.



The bride & the beastman. The bride wore screams!





Filmclip Foto of Frankenstein Monster.

"Good riddance to ye! There you are!—You see how it is! The whole village is kept waiting, the bride is kept waiting, and I—" He thumps his chest angrily. "—I am kept waiting! Henry must come home, if I have to fetch him myself!"

"No, no, Baron!" Victor mutters excitedly, rising in protest.

"What do you mean, 'No, no'?"

"What about his work?"

"Stuff & nonsense! What about his wedding? There is another woman . . . and I am going to find her!"

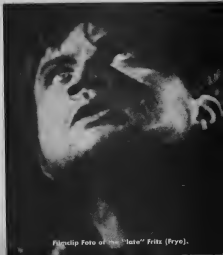
Chapter 11 BEYOND THE SOUNDS OF HORROR

Waldman paces to & fro confusedly in the laboratory, in sharp contrast to Henry, who sits quietly nearby, his feet propped up on a desk.

"Oh, come and sit down, Doctor!" Henry says. "You must be patient. Do you expect perfection at once?"

Waldman is disturbed. "This creature of yours should be kept under guard! Mark my words, he will prove dangerous!"

"Dangerous?" Henry laughs. "Poor old Waldman!" As the Doctor sits down opposite him, Henry leans forward, calmly querying: "Have you never wanted to do anything that was dangerous? Where should we be if no one ever wanted to find



Filmclip Foto of the "late" Fritz (Frye).

out what lies Beyond? Have you never wanted to look beyond the clouds & the stars, wanted to know what causes trees to grow and what changes darkness to light? But if you talk like that, people call you crazy. Well—if I could discover just one of these things—what Eternity is, for example—I wouldn't care if they did think I was crazy!"

Waldman frowns. "You're young, my friend. Your success is intoxicating you. Wake up and look facts in the face. Here we have a fiend whose brain—"

Henry leans back again. "His brain must be given time to develop. It's a perfectly good brain, Doctor." He smiles. "Well—you ought to know: it came from your own laboratory . . ."

"The brain that was stolen from my laboratory was a criminal brain!"

Henry's eyes widen in amazement. He looks aside at Fritz, then resumes his former calmness. Apparently he believes that this will have no bearing on the situation. "Oh, well . . . after all, it's only a piece of dead tissue."

"Only evil can come of it," Waldman prophesies. "Your health will be ruined if you persist in this madness!"

Henry stares back at him with eyes that reveal the near-absurdity of his own opinion: "I'm astonishingly sane, Doctor."

"You have created a monster and it will destroy you!"

"Patience, patience! I believe in this . . . 'monster', as you call it, and if you don't, well—you must leave me alone."

Waldman is trying desperately to convince Henry to abandon—to destroy—his already-living creation but Henry is obstinate.

"Think of Elizabeth—your father!" he reminds.

"Elizabeth believes in me, My father—well, he never believes in anyone, I've got to experiment further. He's only a few days old, remember. So far, he's been kept in complete darkness . . . and wait till I bring him into the light!"

Outside the room, heavy footsteps are heard. They resound with a hollow thump, each following the other after a suspenseful interval. The noise comes closer, closer—now only feet away . . .

"Here he comes," Henry announces hesitatingly. "Let's turn off the light."

Waldman & Henry blow out the candles and turn the lights off, sealing off the brightness to which the Creation is unaccustomed. The footsteps cease. The creaking boards outside the door can be heard. The door squeaks, opening slowly, inch by inch, and now the heavy door yawns, revealing a huge, 7-foot-tall form clad all in black tattered attire. Gropingly it backs into the laboratory thru the doorway and hauntingly it turns—

Behold!

The gorgon-faced gargoyle made in the image of Man! The travesty of humanity that projects evil . . . ugliness . . . horror incarnate!

The Monster (Boris Karloff) peers dumbly into the room with darkly underscored eyes that sear Waldman's brain, leaving an indelible impression. It will be 13 days after Eternity when he cannot remember the pallid, cadaverous gray-green face & the stitched hands, hanging limply at the Monster's sides; the overhanging forehead & brow, shadowing the dull glazed eyes over which deformed eyelids hang with shuddersome imperfection; the gleaming electrodes on his neck; the deep

gash exposed below the snakelike "bangs" formed from his matted black hair; the rotted teeth that hide behind the thin bloodless lips, and the lower jaw, jutting outward in a confused snarl; the sunken cheeks on each side of the broad putty-like nose; and the glistening metallic strips that connect the Monster's scalp to the forehead, containing the hate-throbbing brain of a revived criminal.

The Monster!!!

Looking more like he was created in the image of Satan than that of Man, the Monster places his hands against the wall & door, and the stitches wind with serpentine precision across his wrists. A silver strip extends up his forearm, anchoring the transplanted hands to the arms.

As the Monster's massive, thick-soled shoes shuffle on the oaken floor of the laboratory, thru the inspiring terror one can see that not withstanding his vicious visage & the nature that might be thought to accompany it, there appears another slightly elusive, almost pathetic impression—that of awe & confusion. Having the gaze—albeit not certainly not the features—of a new-born infant, the Monster cannot fully comprehend his existence, his being there in the old wall. He looks hesitantly at Waldman & Henry.

Leaving Waldman seated nearby, Henry goes to the Monster, motioning for him to enter. "Come in. Come . . . in."

He is careful to employ a calm tone of voice, so as not to invoke fear or fury from his creation. The Monster lumbers into the room with nervous obedience.

Henry continues his instructions: "Sit down." He pushes the Monster gently toward a large chair. "Sit . . . down."

The Monster carefully seats himself in the convenient chair. Henry expresses almost no excitement, quite the opposite of the earlier episode, and turns to convey his success to Waldman, who is by now aghast.

"You see—it understands!"

Chapter 12 DEFEATED BY LIGHT

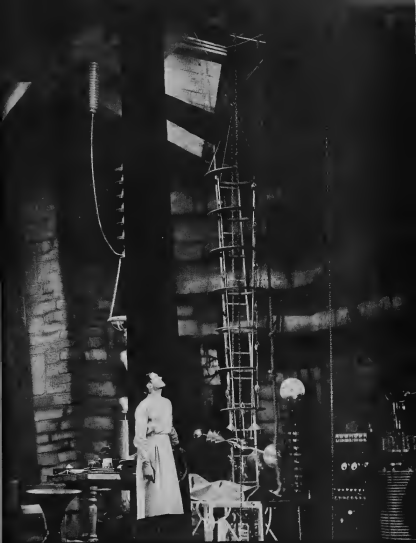
"Watch!"

Henry crosses to the wall, hurriedly rotating a dial, and the skylight is thrown open. The solar rays burst thru the bars with a miniature, silent explosion, which hurls its glow splatteringly upon the stone interior. Enthrilled & entranced, the Monster slowly turns his face toward the light and, looking up, he rises from the chair and takes a few groping steps forward toward the wall. He hungrily stretches out his arms toward that evasive substance, that intangible element that he recalls vaguely in the depths of his clouded mind. He clutches up at it but finds that it slips thru his fingers. He again sees the familiar light in his mind's eye, flashing, flashing—

The lightning!

That which brought him life, new life! He strains his arms in another attempt to seize it but again it escapes his grasp. Naked confusion rises to his face, and he grunts angrily. He roars with an almost inaudible snarl at his failure. There the invincible Monster stands . . . defeated by light.

Henry approaches the Monster during his silent frenzy and Waldman recognizes the potential dan-



Colin Clive looks skyward toward the lightning in the laboratory of creation.

FRANKENSTEIN

THE MAN WHO MADE
A MONSTER



The ORIGINAL
HORROR SHOW!

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JOHN BOLES · BORIS KARLOFF

DWIGHT FRYE · EDWARD VAN SLOAN · FRIDERICK HERR

Based Upon the Story by MARY WOLFE SCHREIBER
Adapted by JAMES WHALE · From the Play by FRANK MURPHY

Directed by JAMES WHALE

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gor. "Take care, Herr Frankenstein! Take care!"

The possible peril has also occurred to Henry. "Shut off the light!"

Waldman quickly closes the skylight and the light disappears along with the Monster's increasing anger.

"Sit down!" says Henry. "Go and sit down!"

Reluctantly the Monster resumes his seat, and he murmuringly motions to the skylight, feebly yawning and trying to pantomime the description of the light. Henry recognizes this attempt and babbles enthusiastically:

"He understands this time! It's wonderful!"

But the presence of pride & happiness is replaced by the unexpected entrance of Fritz, who dashes in savagely & vehemently with a flaming torch, screaming: "Frankenstein! Frankenstein! Where is it?"

At that moment, the Monster sees the burning brand and leaps up in fear, cringing from the flames, and in so doing overturns the chair. Fritz emits a bestial gurgling gasp while the Monster begins to growl & grunt hysterically. Fearfully he strikes out at Fritz & his torch—and the dread new fire, with which this is his first terrifying encounter.

Since his birth—or rather, rebirth—the Monster has been faced with an onslaught of fantastic new forms: first electricity & lightning, then light and now—fire.

"Quiet, you fool!" Henry shouts at the miniature moron. "Get away with that torch!"

The spluttering Fritz, however, remains and viciously taunts the Monster with that which he fears. Finally the Monster growls with hate and attacks Fritz, who scurries away at last. Instantly, Henry & Waldman leap after the death-bent creature and the aged doctor strikes him on the head with a cane, finally subduing him after a considerable scuffle. They pin the Monster to the floor and find they must keep their entire weight on the monstrous creation in order to keep him from rising and destroying them all. Henry has discovered that what he has created is indeed a Monster.

"Fetch the rope, quick!" Henry orders Fritz. "Get him to the cellar!"

But Fritz, terrified, is paralyzed. "Shoot him! He's a monster!"

Eventually Henry gets the rope and as the fendish Fritz stands over, gripping one end of the rope, Waldman & Henry bind the Monster.

Chapter 13 THE ORGY OF TORTURE

All is dark & shadowy, lighted only by the small barred window in one end of the room. The Monster has been chained to the stone wall in the cellar. On the wall are two large metal rings used for securing prisoners—in this case the inhuman creation of Henry Frankenstein—and nearby is a makeshift piece of furniture, hastily constructed. A strong steel chain connects the two shackles on the Monster's wrists, in turn anchored to the metal rings on the wall.

The Monster is silent, albeit somewhat angered & bewildered, but then the sadistic hunchback enters. As it is with his every appearance, it seems as tho the very atmosphere is transformed. With the instincts of an animal sensing danger, the Monster screams and yanks his bonds, de perately

THE ORIGINAL HORROR SHOW!

FRANKENSTEIN

THE MAN WHO MADE A MONSTER



WITH **COLIN CLIVE • MAE CLARKE**
JOHN BOLES • BORIS KARLOFF
DWIGHT FRYE • EDWARD VAN SLOAN • FREDERIC KENN

*Based upon the story by MARY SHELLEY • ADAPTED BY
ADOLPH DEWITT • FROM THE PLAY BY MARY SHELLEY*

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You Asked or I'll! Reproduction of a "onesheet" (movie poster) for FRANKENSTEIN.





The maker meets his creation under unhappy circumstances.

trying to break free and halt Fritz' unending torture.

Fritz, bearing whip & torch, approaches him and mocks him mercilessly with the torch. The Monster cries out in horror. Fritz, irritated by his screams, shrieks back, commanding him to be silent, and finally he takes to beating the Monster with his whip, lashing out and sending him into spasms of agony with every stroke of the sleek serpentine scourge.

Tiring finally of this diversion, he again resorts to more cruel, fiendish torture. Wielding the torch, Fritz shoves the flames closer & closer to the Monster's face, chattering & laughing satanically at his fear as the Monster sinks down upon the floor, withdrawing from the beat. As the Monster sprawls on the stone interior, lifting up a hand to thwart the torch, Fritz crouches down and waves the fire to & fro before the helpless creature's face.

The Monster groans, roaring & snarling at his tormentor, and his wailing cries seem to shake the very walls, the growls reverberating thru each & every stone.

"Quiet!" snarls Fritz, slaving like a mad dog. "Quiet!"

Suddenly, summoned by the uproar, Henry rushes into the chamber to witness the orgy of torture. He demands the torch.

"Come away, Fritz!" he says. "You'll have the whole countryside down us! Get away and come upstairs! Here!—give me that torch!"

The demented dwarf refuses to surrender the flaming brand and once more he lunges at the Monster. The Monster vainly tries to snap his bonds, frantically clawing (unsuccessfully) at Fritz, who frustratingly leaps out of his reach. "Help!"

Henry is horrified. "Oh, come away! Come away, Fritz!" He rubs his aching temples. "Leave it alone! Leave it alone!"

Chapter 14 FRITZ GOES TOO FAR

As the sun begins to sink from its zenith, and the mill at last becomes silent, Waldman & Henry are poring thru the pages of some antiquated tomes. Without warning—

The two are frozen by a scream more blood-curdling than they had ever heard. It continues for a brief moment, during which Waldman & Henry stand agape.

"What's that?" Henry gasps.

He hurries to the door, throwing it open. The scream is repeated but this time it ends in an instant of gurgling . . . then silence. Now it dawns upon Henry. "It's Fritz! Come on, Doctor! Quick! Hurry!"

They dash down the broad stone stairway—the distorted, dank stairway, winding in Caligarian mazes to the front door—a monstrous monolithic wall stretching irregularly skyward at each side. They quickly hurl open the door to the cellar chamber . . .

Fritz swings back & forth limply before them, hanged by the neck from the rafters overhead, and the grim black shadow emphasizes the speechless horror. The Monster is still clutching the corpse, crushing the already dead fiend with his superhuman grip. The Monster had obviously broken his bond, freeing himself and leaping across all the barriers that hindered him from stopping Fritz's torment—permanently.

Henry is aghast, eyes widened by the appalling sight; nevertheless, he steps haltingly toward the Monster & Fritz. The Monster glances aside at him, his mouth twisted in an unearthly growl, and bellows as if in warning.

Henry halts and moves back.

Suddenly the Monster dashes forward.

Henry flees from the chamber, closing the door



Grrrrr! Rooooowww!

heavily, but the Monster—not quite fast enough to burst thru—is caught between the door & the wall. Waldman & Henry strain with every last ounce of their strength, trying to prevent the Monster's escape; and as they heave against the Monster's resistance, he is locked firmly in the uncomfortable position he has stumbled into.

Finally the Monster, screaming & howling insanely, is forced back into the room and the door is locked securely.

The satanic creation rains his fists savagely on the door, unsatisfied with simple revenge. He still cries out for compensation for his timeless hours of torture. As all hunters know, once a ferocious creature of the jungle has tasted the sweetness of blood, it will kill & kill & kill again—until it itself is killed.

"He hated Fritz," murmurs Henry, trembling fearfully. "Fritz always tormented him!"

Waldman is less disturbed, and as he turns to face Henry, he sees that he is becoming extremely agitated. "Come—pull yourself together!"

Henry is finally worried. He stands outside the door—upon which the fists of his creation still beat—and realizes that, altho the Monster was endowed with human characteristics, his soul is that of Satan.

"What can we do?" he asks.

"Kill it!—as you would any savage animal," advises the ever-shrewd Waldman. "We must overpower him first. Get me a hypodermic needle!"

Henry gasps. "It's murder!" Being the Monster's creator, he cannot conceive destroying that which he himself brought into existence.

"It's our only chance. In a few minutes he'll be thru that door! Come! Quick! Hurry!"

Henry rushes upstairs to the laboratory and after a brief moment or so returns hustling down the winding stone steps. Henry wields a large hypodermic needle, containing a powerful, fast-acting sleep drug.

"Got it?" Waldman inquires.

"Yes!" He hands it to the wizened doctor. "Here it is—it's very strong! Half grains & roots!"

"Good! Now, then—you stand there." Waldman points to a position near the door and Henry immediately seizes a torch from the wall and assumes his station. "When he goes toward you, I will make the injection in his back!" Waldman readies the hypodermic needle, standing at the other side of the door. Both tensely prepare themselves for the crucial assault and Henry anxiously clutches the door.

"Ready?"

Waldman pauses, swallows and finally replies, "Yes!"

Henry opens the door. The Monster, somewhat suspicious of this all-too-sudden act, moves slowly from the doorway, eyeing the two dark forms on both sides of the door. He starts to dash forward.

Henry anticipates his move and holds the torch at the Monster's face. The Monster steps back cautiously, as Henry growls: "Stay back! Back!" The Monster looks at Henry, who retreats a few feet, and then at the other "visitor"—Waldman. Unexpectedly, the Monster attacks the aged doctor. Henry confronts him with the torch again but the Monster only grunts and strikes out at the flames.

The Monster continues to choke Waldman, who tries vainly to halt the furious creature in order to make the injection, but he is obviously no match for his titanic weight. Waldman is hurled to the floor.

As he dodges the onrushing Monster, Henry leaps across the room and grasps the hypodermic needle from Waldman's hand. He attacks the Monster and finally manages to inject the serum into the back of his neck. He leaps back out of range, as the massive creature staggers forward, moaning helplessly. The potency of the drug was not underestimated. The Monster is struggling to keep himself upright, awake, but the battle is already half lost. Drowsily, he strikes out at Henry, and the room spins around him. He topples forward, unconscious.

Chapter 15 THE CREATOR COLLAPSES

The sound of someone knocking on the front door echoes thru the ancient halls.

Henry momentarily ignores the knock to see if Waldman is all right. "Dr. Waldman! Dr. Waldman! Are you hurt?"

Waldman, weak but not injured, lifts his head up and laboriously rises to his feet and dusts off his long coat. "No, no—I'm all right. It's nothing. See who's at the door?"

Henry rushes to the door as the knocking continues and, opening the tiny barred window, he recognizes the face of Victor.



The Frankenstein Monster contemplates his destiny.

"What's happening here?" Victor demands. "Elizabeth & your father are coming up the hill to see you!"

Henry opens the door nervously and Victor enters. Waldman enters the scene, contending, "You must keep them out!"

Victor shakes his head. "Too late!"

Suddenly he is confronted by the sight of the Monster, lying on the stone floor in a drug-induced stupor. He is astounded. Waldman fears that the Baron may arrive before they have concealed Henry's bloodthirsty creation, and he points to the Monster.

"He must not see that!" Waldman cautions. "Here, quickly! Lend me a hand! Quickly!"

Victor, as if in a trance, willingly gives Waldman & Henry his able assistance and together the three carry the Monster's huge bulk back into the cellar chamber. As they set the dormant creature down against the wall, Waldman notices something that Henry has overlooked:

"Henry, better hurry upstairs and get that blood off your feet before your father & Elizabeth get here."

He glances down at his shoes, sees the scarlet stains and he abruptly races up the staircase to the laboratory.

Meanwhile, outside, Elizabeth & the Baron are

approaching the old mill-tower. The Baron shakes his head in disappointment at the appearance of the structure.

"Well!" he grumbles. "A pretty sort of place for my son to be in, I must say!" They stand near the entrance and the Baron views the rotting door with little less than disgust. "Is that the front door?"

"Yes—this is it," replies Elizabeth.

"Well, I don't like it, but...here goes, I suppose."

The Baron knocks heavily on the door but the sound resounds hollowly, unanswered, thru the structure.

"There doesn't seem to be anyone in the place!" he mutters.

The old man knocks once again, scraping the door with his cane, but this time Victor answers their call. He opens the door and Elizabeth & the Baron step into the mill. The Baron gazes around at his son's strange environment.

"What an insane place!" he exclaims. Looking around the room, he sees the flaming torch on the floor nearby, where the battle had been fought moments before. He protests: "What are you trying to do—burn the place down?"

Part 3 (conclusion) in the next issue of FAMOUS MONSTERS (#58) on sale July 31. Don't miss it!

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THANKS FOR THIS CHANCE, MR. FOSTER. I'LL DO MY BEST!

THIS GUY MANAGED THE THEATRE IN THE OLD DAYS. GET SOME HUMAN INTEREST STUFF: WHAT THE PLACE WAS LIKE IN ITS heyday... MAYBE THERE'S A STORY THAT WOULD EXPLAIN WHAT'S GOING ON NOW...

HEH, HEH, MAYBE YOU'LL EVEN SEE THE GHOST!

CLOSED



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WE DON'T TAKE
SALES!

I AM
SUSAN STREET
OF THE NEWS
I HAVE AN
APPOINTMENT
WITH MR. KIRE.



HMMMMPH!

NEWSPAPERS! VAN
KIRE'S TOO GREAT A MAN
TO BE BOTHERED BY
THEM... HE SHOULD NEVER
HAVE CONSENTED TO
THIS AUDIENCE!



THE LADY FROM
THE PAPER

THANK YOU, VILMA, YOU CAN GO.
SIT DOWN, YOUNG LADY, AND TELL
A LONELY OLD MAN WHY, AFTER
ALL THESE YEARS, THE
PRESS IS INTERESTED
IN HIM AGAIN...



WELL... ACTUALLY... IT'S
YOUR THEATRE AND ITS
HISTORY... THAT...



AH, THE GOLDEN ERA!
I LIVED AND BREATHED
MOVIES THEN, WHEN THEY
WERE FANTASY, ETHEREAL...
BEFORE THE TALK TALK TALK
OF TALKIES RUINED THE
MAGIC! THE DAYS OF CHARLIE,
MARY PICKFORD, THE
GREAT LON CHANDY...

"CHANEY" THAT'S THE NAME TO CONJURE WITH... CHANEY! I CAN STILL REMEMBER THE MANY AFTERNOONS I PLAYED HOOKEY JUST TO WATCH HIM AND HIS FANTASTIC CREATIONS...



"BUT YOU DIDN'T COME JUST TO HEAR ME RAMBLE YOU SAID SOMETHING ABOUT MY THEATRE? ABOUT THE ALHAMBRA?"

WEIRD MUSIC'S BEEN HEARD COMING FROM THERE IN THE NIGHT, COMING FROM A DESERTED MOVIE HOUSE... SOME PEOPLE THINK... WELL... THEY THINK IT COULD BE THE GHOST OF THE THEATRE'S ORGANIST?

I SHOULD HOPE NOT! YOU SEE I WAS THE ORGANIST FOR MANY YEARS THERE'S A SIMPLE EXPLANATION FOR THE MUSIC, I'VE FINALLY GOTTEN THE OLD THEATRE ORGAN IN WORKING SHAPE! PLAYING IT REMINDS ME OF THE OLD DAYS



LON CHANEY

"I STARTED WORKING AS AN USHER AFTER SCHOOL, BUT WAS SOON PROMOTED TO BARKER--STANDING OUTSIDE IN THE CHILL AIR, SHOUTING OUT AS BEST I COULD OF THE ROMANCE AND ADVENTURE TO BE SEEN INSIDE."



IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE I WAS POUNDING AWAY ON THE PIANO IN THAT LITTLE THEATRE, SUPPLYING MUSICAL MOOD TO THE FLICKERING MAGIC ON THE SCREEN ABOVE! BUT I WAS AMBITIOUS... I WANTED TO BE AN ORGANIST IN ONE OF THE BIG MOVIE PALACES. FINALLY, I GOT MY CHANCE



"WELL, I REMEMBER THAT FIRST DAY AND THE FIRST FILM THAT I ACCOMPANIED ON THE WURLITZER ORGAN-- LON CHANEY IN HIS MAGNIFICENT PORTRAYAL OF *THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME*!"



"THE WURLITZER WAS ONE OF THE MOST FANTASTIC INSTRUMENTS DEvised BY MAN. IT COULD IMITATE ANY SOUND FROM A BRASS BAND TO A CHOIR OF ANGELS... WITH A PLICK OF MY FINGERS ITS RUMBLINGS WOULD SOAR INTO THE DARKNESS OF THE BALCONY AND FREEZE THE MARROW IN ONE'S BONES!"

"SCOTT, DID YOU EVER REMEMBER THOSE DAYS... THEATRES HANDED OUT PROGRAMS THEN AND THE ORGANIST'S NAME WAS AS BIG AS THE NAMES OF THE STARS IN THE PICTURE! AND I, IVAN KIRE WAS ONE OF THE BEST!"



"I WAS AT THE TOP OF THE HEAP, MAKING BIG MONEY AND INVESTING ALL OF IT IN THE THEATRE..."

FINALLY, I BECAME MANAGER AND THEN OWNER
OF THE ALHAMBRA. FOR A FEW SHORT YEARS MY
SUCCESS WAS GOLDEN. AND THEN...



...AND THEN
THE SOUND ERA
CAME IN?

YES, BUT TRAGEDY
STRUCK EVEN BEFORE
THAT. MY CAREER
ENDED EVEN BEFORE
THE SILENTS DID!

WHAT
HAPPENED?

IT'S TOO
PAINFUL TO
TALK ABOUT
I CANNOT!



I WONDER WHAT HIS SECRET
IS... WHAT COULD MAKE HIM FEEL
THIS WAY... THERE MAY
STILL BE A STORY
IN ALL THIS...

PERHAPS
IF I...

WOULD YOU LIKE TO
HEAR AN PLAY? ABOUT
THIS TIME OF EVENING
I GO OVER TO THE
THEATRE ANYWAY...





YOU MUST FORGIVE THE CONDITION, MISS STREET... I'M NOT ABLE TO CLEAN THE WHOLE THEATRE BY MYSELF. ALL MY ENERGIES HAVE GONE TO THE WURLITZER...

...I'LL GO NOW AND START THE PROJECTOR.



AND THE GREAT WURLITZER BEGAN TO SPIN ITS WEB OF FANTASY AGAIN AS IT HAD DECADES AGO...

AS LON CHANEY SILENTLY GLIDED THROUGH THE OPERA HOUSE ON THE SCREEN, SUSAN BEGAN TO WONDER...



WHAT WAS THE GREAT TRAGEDY HE MENTIONED? IF ONLY HE HAD SAID MORE, I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT!



ABSORBED IN THE MAGIC OF HIS MUSIC AND THE FLICKERING FILM SHADOWS, KIRE FORGOT ABOUT HIS YOUNG VISITOR...

THE WALL SEEMS STAINED AND CHARGED AROUND THE ORGAN... OF COURSE! I SHOULD HAVE REMEMBERED!



...MY FATHER ONCE TOLD ME ABOUT A FIRE IN A MOVIE HOUSE WHILE HE WAS WATCHING A SILENT FILM... IT MUST HAVE BEEN THIS THEATRE!



LOOKS LIKE OLD KIRE WAS MASKING HIS TRUE FEELINGS, EH, KIDDIES?
WELL, THAT BRINGS AN END TO THIS SHRIEK SHOWING, SO I SUG-
GEST YOU MOVE ON TO THE NEXT FAMOUS MONSTERS GOODIE!



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Son of THE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON?

A Cloy Man from one of the FLASH GORDON serials?

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Think hard!

**ANSWER
TO MYSTERY
PHOTO
NO. 34**



Absolutely no one guessed the identity of this Hount-o-Clous.

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Dr. Niemann in Universal's **HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN**, 1945.



Dr. Hohner in **THE CLIMAX**, Universal, 1944.



Strange evildoer of **STRANGE DOOR**, Univ. 1951.



Hjalmar Poelzig of **THE BLACK CAT**, Universal 1934

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Master Simms of *BEDLAM MADHOUSE*, RKO 1946.



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Calman Gray in *THE BODY SNATCHER*, RKO, 1945.



THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN, Universal, 1935.

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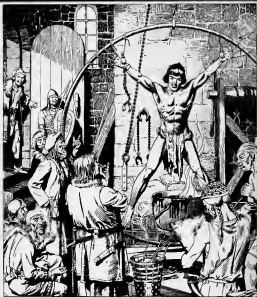
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